

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN DEAR: Just now we're busy wondering whether Col. Joseph T. Dickman will come to Fort Myer with the third squadron of the Second Cavalry, which has been ordered here—it should have gotten there this morning, by the by, and probably did.

It all depends, of course, on whether the regimental headquarters will be moved from Fort Ethan Allen, and this is doubtful, inasmuch as the Fifth Cavalry is officially only on temporary duty on the border, and is still in permanent establishment at Fort Myer.

However, at the post they are discussing the possibility of a change in this order, which would mean that the families of the various officers of the Fifth would have to give their quarters to allow the Second to move in.

Would Meet Scant Approval.

This would meet with scant approval in Washington, as glad as we'd all be to see the Dickmans back, and we're all hoping that the family to the border will continue to be "temporary duty."

Colonel Dickman, who is in command of the Second Cavalry, is, of course, very well known here, and likewise his attractive family, for they were stationed here only a year or two ago. His daughter, Katherine, who married Lieut. Harrison Knauss, of the navy, is still living here.

The colonel was one of the original members of the general staff, and is regarded in the army as one of the most distinguished officers in the service.

Several Well Known Here.

In any case, the arrival of the third squadron is of considerable social interest, as there are a number of officers attached thereto whose faces are familiar here. Capt. Joseph Heron, who commands Troop K, and will be at the head of the squadron, if the regimental headquarters remains "put" at Fort Ethan Allen, was attached to the military information division of the adjutant general's department for several years before the formation of the general staff, and has hosts of friends in the city.

Then there is Frank Andrews, one of the first lieutenants, who married Jeanette Allen, Colonel Allen's daughter—I wonder if she will come with him to Washington? Other officers of the squadron are Capt. Robert B. Powers, Capt. Edward L. King, and Capt. Joseph A. Baer, besides Lieuts. Robert McC. Beck, Jr.; George H. Brett, Edmunds P. Duval, and Henry McE. Pendleton.

Best Riding Instructor.

The second squadron of the Second Cavalry was stationed at Fort Myer shortly after the Spanish war, and it was Troop F, under Capt. Lloyd Brett—he's colonel now—which first brought to perfection the exhibition drills in the riding hall, which have become so celebrated.

Colonel Brett, who is now in charge of the Yellowstone Park reservation, is rated the best riding instructor in the cavalry, and certainly his troop was a crackerjack.

Indeed, I'm told that no important new feature has been introduced since his day. He used to go to cotillions and ballets for the express purpose of picking up new figures for his drills.

Since the detachment of cavalry at Fort Sheridan has come to the border with the Fifth, and Lieut. Victor Whitely with it, Mrs. Whitely, I presume, will stay on with the Recedes, and will not join her husband until things are more settled. It's hard on her, for in spite of the uncertainty of their plans she was preparing to go out to him right away.

A Brilliant House.

Not since the gala performance of the opera at Stockholm during the Olympic games have I seen so brilliant a house as came out for the first night of the "Bally Russ."

The King and Queen of Sweden were there that night, nearly four years ago, the house was packed with visiting royals—and American college boys—and most of the women were strung with jewels from top to toe.

It was all very gay, and I was glad enough to take advantage of the continental fashion of standing up and turning my glasses upon the boxes and the people in the parquet.

Then, too, there was the promenade between the acts, and everybody promenaded with the chance to see who was who—and most important—a woman—what they had on.

At the Ballet Russe the promenading was confined to the men, who did a bit of visiting from box to box, but I caught more than one opera glass turned on the audience, and no wonder. The jeweled headresses worn by those who went on to the Russian ball certainly made the audience worth looking at. There was a certain "fair" to the whole entertainment, and next to the riot of color and grace on the stage, I think the spectators enjoyed the visit of Mr. de Diakoff and certain other distinguished foreigners to the Russian ambassador's box and the impressive manner in which they kissed Madame Blakmeteff's hand.

Most Picturesque Figures.

I never saw so many pretty women in Washington as were at the ball that night, and I wondered how much of it was due to the becomingness of the kakoshnik, the charming Russian headress.

It made the homely women look pretty, and as for the pretty ones they were ravishing. Madame Gregory Wilkin and her school girl daughter, Olga, in really truly court costumes, were decidedly the most picturesque figures in the picturesque gathering, and truly little Olga is a beauty.

Her "boyarin" headress which is worn by the little Russian princesses, of blue and pearls, was intensely becoming. Moreover, her immensity taken with her air of perfect unconsciousness and poise as she sat in the box at the theater with the Ambassador and Madame Lakhmeteff.

That few American women know how to carry themselves on parade was painfully evident that evening when most of the handsome and bejeweled women in the boxes were slouching scandalously. Mrs. Lloyd Rogers was another shining exception, also young Mrs. Slater, who looked too lovely for words, and Mrs. George Howard held



MRS. WILLIAM BURR HARRISON and daughters, MARY BUTLER WASHINGTON HARRISON at left, and SARAH POWELL HARRISON at right.

herself very straight and with a good deal of dignity.

Some Innovations.

No sign of host and hostess. This was the first innovation of the Mann's dinner dance and then they began dancing before dinner!

You see it was a masquerade party and to carry out the idea there were no greetings. The guests as they arrived simply joined the group of dancers, with Mr. and Mrs. Mann somehow among them. And then when it came to dine, places were found by number.

It was so pretty to come up the stairs, and find the great hallways filled with a colorful group of merry-makers, some of them pretty, many of them amusing, and all with a touch of originality about their costumes. The house, too, was gay in its dress of spring flowers, and there were two great tables for the sixty guests.

They danced before and after dinner and in between the courses—oh, it was all great fun.

May Adams, in a fetching black and white Pierrot costume, had everybody quite mystified, and somebody gave a slip to the interest in her identity by spreading the report that she was a Baltimore woman—rich, beautiful, and twice divorced.

It was only near the end of the evening that the others found out who she really was, and there was one veiled lady, an Indian princess, who retained her incognito to the end. I think it was Mrs. Victor Blue, but nobody was quite sure.

Come as Twin "Dinahs." Mrs. Theodore Edgwin and Miss Judge came as twin "Dinahs," with their faces blacked, and made a most impressive entry, running across the room and swinging their dusters. Then there was Mrs. Hampton Gary as a little girl, her glorious hair hanging way below her waist.

Mrs. George Dunlop was also a little girl, and Mrs. Horace Westcott, a wonderful "Sis Hopkins," her lovely red hair braided in tight braids and wired, if you please. The hostess had a charming costume of vari-colored chiffons. Let me see who else was there: Well, the Richmond Davises, Captain and Mrs. Richmond, Ridley McLean, Walter Little—you know the crowd. It was a beautiful party and a jolly party, and all week I've been hearing echoes of what a good time everybody had.

Francine Williams is the happiest person I know. Right now she is rejoicing in the possession of a smart little Cadillac roadster, which her father gave her for a birthday present and which she drives herself with considerable assurance.

To be sure, she has driven her mother's electric for years, so it was no task at all to learn. She also has a dandy mount, so she spends most of her time in the open, either in the saddle or running her new car.

Leather Coats Here.

The smart leather coats which we have been seeing in the shop windows for some weeks are coming to their own with the first breath of spring, and several important personages among the girls are standing sponsor for them. Only yesterday I met Beatrice Clover, out for stroll, wearing a brown leather coat, with collar and cuffs of some checked wool in tones of brown and a short well cut skirt of the same wool stuff.

Margaret Fannestock, too, is wearing a brown leather coat, which has a bit of beaver fur about the collar and cuffs. The kind of skirt that goes with it I don't know, for I have never seen her wear this very good-looking garment

except when she was driving her spectacular white roadster. She usually wears with it a small and decidedly chic hat of black and white leather.

Bags, bags, bags, and then some more bags! And all for the Red Cross sale at Rauscher's on March 29. I marvel at the beauty, the variety, yes, the originality, of the collection which Miss Boardman and her able corps of assistants have gathered together. One jeweler from somewhere in New England has donated a number of dainty silver mesh bags, and there are stunning silk and cretonne beauties from all over the country.

No End of Novelties.

Sewing bags and traveling bags, the trifle of opera bags and laundry bags whose every capacious like bespeaks utility; quaint cretonne reticules designed to be carried on the arm with summer frocks, and sand bags to hold open a door—of all these there are stunning examples, while there are no end of novelties such as the stunning long cretonne cases to hold one's daintiest and most perishable parasols. Truly the peep which I had of them the other day made my mouth water.

As for the dances which are to be a feature of the ball in the evening, they are shrouded with a delightful mystery. There's a "Bag Dance," with Gladys Ingalls and Frances Hoar as leaders; a divertissement dubbed "The Bag-What's in It?" which includes a pas seul by Manuela de Penar; a "Bag-dance" with Frances Hoar as solo dancer, assisted by Frances Williams; Eleanor Morgan, Frances Hoar; Helen Wolcott, Elizabeth Harding, and Mrs. William A. Slater, Jr., and a "Bag Pipe Dance," by Katherine McClintock, Cora Barry, Caroline Ogden-Jones, and Mrs. Newbold Noyes.

The only part of the program into which the famous "bag" does not enter is in some way the "Minuet," which will be given by request. This will be the same charming dance and by the same graceful dancers that we saw at the Reaux Arts ball, Louise Delano, Grynka Raybaud, Carolyn Nash, Evelina Goleak, Lieut. Edwin Watson, Morris Volk, Alva Bernhard, and Montgomery Angell.

A Lion in Washington.

I'm prompted the chance to meet up with a lion one of these days. David Lubin, founder of the International Institute of Agriculture, who has been in Washington during the past week.

The International Institute of Agriculture has a very impressive sound, and it is doing a very impressive work in the world, but after all it's the man behind the work who appeals most to one's interest. Let me tell you something about him.

Mr. Lubin went to California some forty-five years ago, starting with nothing, and is a millionaire. But that's the least interesting thing about him. He saw California trying to raise wheat and fruits and get them transported to the distant markets of the world, and saw the effort fail because the cost of transport was more than the value of the crops would bear and leave a living price for the producer.

Got the Idea First.

He started around the world to learn why it was, and his investigations—in the wheat belt in Chicago, the Produce Exchange in New York, the world's central grain market in Liverpool, convinced him that there was something radically wrong with marketing systems. Everybody knows that nowadays, but Mr. Lubin got the idea first.

He figured that a central bureau of agriculture and information, representing the whole world, would stabilize prices and block speculators from hoarding them by reason of possessing advanced information about crop conditions.

He tried to get the British, the American, the French, and other governments to take up his idea, and failed. Then he went to Rome, the Italian historian, Ferrero, heard his lecture about his plan; believed it was good; introduced him to the Italian premier; who in turn took him to King Victor Emmanuel.

Mr. Lubin talked his big idea right down the royal throat, to the horror of the attendants, who had never before seen an enthusiastic American saw the air and shake his finger—afterward his fist—under a royal nose.

Royalty Backed Him.

The King decided that it was the real thing. He signed his royal name to a call that Italy issued to all the nations, asking them to send delegates to Rome to start the international institute idea going. Most of them—fifty or more, I believe—responded.

The King donated one of his palaces at Rome to be headquarters of the institute. Now it is firmly established, is threatening one day to be a sort of international department of agriculture, and is doing a wonderful work.

The war, I am told, has interfered somewhat, but after the war there is going to be greater need than ever for such co-operation and co-ordination among the producing factors of the nations; and the idea that David Lubin conceived in San Francisco and talked into the willing brain of a democratic King, promises to be one of the directing forces in the rehabilitation of the social and economic structure of the world when peace comes back.

A Lovely Bride.

Henry Holcombe positively radiated pride and contentment as he came down the aisle of St. Thomas Church with his

bride on his arm, and of a truth Dorothy Brooks made a lovely bride.

Her color came and went so prettily, and in spite of the constant round of festivities in her honor preceding the wedding, she managed to look fresh as a flower. Then, too, her veil with its little cap of lace was most becomingly arranged, and I've seen more brides spoiled by their veils than I care to mention.

Her bridesmaids ranged in size from wee Mary Irwin, Dorothy Adams, and Antoinette Ray, who are not much bigger, to Henry's sister, Eugenia Holcombe, and Marie Peary, both tall girls, and were paired off quite beautifully "all same like" signs.

Their pink frocks were monstrously becoming—and, after all, there is no color so satisfactory as pink for a wedding.

Lieutenant Holcombe is fortunate in being stationed at the barracks, where the quarters are ever so desirable. As second lieutenant he rates half a house only, but it's half a fine, large house, and everything is most conveniently and charmingly arranged.

Indeed, when her pretty things are installed—her wedding presents are lovely—Dorothy will have a charming nest in which to set up housekeeping. They probably will be stationed in Washington a year longer, unless the engineers should be drawn into the disturbance in Mexico.

"The Corps" at Reception. There was a liberal representation of "the corps" at the reception at the Washington Club, from Mrs. Marshall, over being a Washingtonian, although he has lived in Philadelphia since his mother became Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, is out several thousand dollars' worth of gems.

When the two youngsters were married in November, Mr. and Mrs. Stotesbury presented them with their residence in Locust street, and installed the furnishings. There they have been making their home, and it was on their return from the horticultural show the other day that they discovered indications of the first disaster which has ever overtaken them.

A jewel case with a broken lock lay near the door, and a taking of stock disclosed the loss of a splendid solitaire diamond ring, valued at \$2,000; a flexible gold bracelet set with diamonds, rings, bar pins, a lovely diamond pendant, the gift of Mrs. Stotesbury, and a number of lesser trinkets. Rather a startling loss, it would seem at first blush, for a young married couple just starting out in life.

Hanna Taylor and her fiancé, Clay Bayly, were particularly interested in all the details, for their marriage on May 8, at the Taylors' home in O street, will also be followed by a reception at the Washington Club. There will be but a few guests for the ceremony, but ever so many more will be asked to the club. It is to be an evening wedding, by the way, and the reception will wind up with dancing.

Fortunate in Wedding Day. Margaretta Morse, whose marriage to Carlos Grevenberg, of New Orleans, followed the day after Dorothy's, was much more fortunate in her selection of a wedding day.

Instead of angry skies and veritable thunder showers, she had a lovely sunny afternoon, with the first hint of spring in the air. Which made the ride out to Valley View Farm for the reception particularly pleasant.

Margaretta was a sweet bride, so pretty and just a wee bit serious, and I fell in love with the bridemaids' frocks, pink taffeta, with such picturesque puffy skirts.

There was an overdress of violet tulle in the front, which changed its mind half way and disappeared in a cascade of frills down the side of the wee pointed train.

Nannie Ryan was one of her sister's attendants, of course, and the other was her cousin, Corbella Sharp, who is by way of being a beauty.

Keenes Popular Here. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keene, who have purchased the lovely old Snowden estate just beyond Laurel, are now going about the pleasant business of getting settled. They have a fine house, some 500 acres of ground, and seventy-five acres of woodland, which is Mrs. Keene's particular delight.

The Keenes came to Washington six or seven years ago from New York.

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where Mr. Keene had established a reputation as a clever architect, and they have made their home in Twenty-first street in a dear little house which belongs to Mrs. William Haywood.

They are ever so popular here. Mrs. Keene was a Stanton girl and a daughter of John Estes Cook, who has to his credit a famous history of Virginia, the delightful "Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe."

Countess Glaycka has taken one of the funny little Colonial cottages in Tanxus Row, at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, for the month of April, and is expected to put in her appearance before very long. Miss Anne Morgan, with her idiosyncratic Miss Elsie DeWolf, and Miss Maude Wolmore are among the interesting folk who are established at the Greenbrier for the spring, and Miss Morgan spends most of her time in the saddle.

"The Thing" to Lose a Gem. Actresses are no longer using the story of lost jewelry by way of advertising these days; they are leaving it to society folk. Particularly in summer time it's "the thing" to lose a gem or two, and Newport and Narragansett can scarcely get through a season without some spectacular jewelry robberies.

Come now from Philadelphia word that Mrs. Oliver Eaton Cromwell, whose young husband has never quite gotten over being a Washingtonian, although he has lived in Philadelphia since his mother became Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, is out several thousand dollars' worth of gems.

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White House Filled With Flowers. "How I do envy Mrs. Wilson," this in a charming voice from a very pretty woman at the last White House musicale, and then "not for her place and position, but for her ability to keep her house always filled with flowers."

She voiced my thought exactly, for I know of nothing that would give

me more pleasure than an opportunity to raid the White House conservatories. The state drawing rooms were ablaze that evening and particularly lovely were the tall American Beauties in the east room and the great sheaves of lilies in splendid contrast with the crimson walls of the red room.

I must confess to a bit of a disappointment when I first looked at the program. I had just come from hearing the incomparable Gogorza with the Philadelphia orchestra, and they wish was father to the thought that he might sing at the White House. However, I soon discovered that I had a real treat in store in my introduction to the two artists of the evening, Vernon Stiles, who possesses a fine robust tenor voice, and John Powell, pianist.

Powell a Talented Pianist.

They are both comparatively unknown, but in the case of Mr. Powell it develops—in the classic language of the "ad"—that there's a reason. He is a Richmond boy, the son of one of Mrs. Wilson's old school masters, and it may be that her wish to give him a bit of a boost for the sake of auld lang syne had something to do with his selection. He has been studying abroad, where he made his debut, and has played at several of the European courts with notable success. Moreover, he plays thrillingly.

Margaret Wilson came in with Senator and Mrs. Newlands and the three sat together by the door into the corridor, while just outside gathered a little group of late comers, among them the Marshalls and the Daniels.

While naturally too well-bred to talk during the music, they were apparently having a jolly time, and managed to inject a deal of laughter and chatter into the intermissions. Miss Wilson and Secretary Daniels had a bit of a tilt and she went off highly amused at his sallies.

Mr. Daniels in Jolly Humor.

Mr. Daniels pulled a long face while we were all waiting for our conveyances and grumbled that there was discrimination against those who rode in "chaises." "They make us carriage company wait," he said, "until all the automobiles have gone by. It's like the old story of the stage driver who got stuck on a hill and commanded 'first class passengers to get out and walk, second class passengers push.'"

With that his humorless face called, so he gathered Mrs. Daniels under his wing and they departed posthaste, followed by a salvo of chuckles.

The Frank Polks and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Skokowski, formed one of the most interesting groups of the evening, and held converse with most of the notables present. They are a good-looking pair, the Polks, he with a young face which belies his gray hair, and she with a fluff of blonde curls atop a face that is both bright and pretty. She had on a pink and silver frock, with a deep purple girdle.

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)



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